DEATH REPEAL'D

BY A

THANKFVLL MEMORIALL

Sent from CHRIST-CHURCH
in OXFORD,

CELEBRATING

THE NOBLE DESERTS OF
the Right Honourable,

PAVLE,

Late Lord VIS-COUNT

BAYNING

of SUDBURY.

Who changed his Earthly Honours
Iune the 11. 1638.

OXFORD,
Printed by *Leonard Lichfield* Printer to the
Vniversity, for *Francis Bowman*.
M. D. C. XXXVIII.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOVRABLE

THE LADY

PENELOPE

DOWAGER of the late

VIS-COVNT BAYNING.

GREAT *Lady*,

Humble partners of like griefe
In bringing Comfort may deſerve beliefe,
Becauſe they Feele, and Feyne not: Thus we ſay
Vnto Our ſelves, Lord Bayning, *though away,*
Is ſtill of Chriſt-Church, *ſomewhat out of ſight,*
As when he travel'd, or did bid good night,

And was not ſeen long after; now he ſtands
Remov'd in Worlds, as heretofore in Lands;
But is not Loſt. The ſpight of Death can never
Divide the Chriſtian, though the Man it ſever.
The like we ſay to You: He's ſtill at home,
Though out of reach; as in ſome upper roome,
Or ſtudy: for His Place is very high,
His Thought is Viſion; now moſt properly
Return'd he's Yours as ſure, as e're hath been
The Iewell in Your Cask, ſafe though unſeen.
You know that Friends have Eares as well as Eyes,
We Heare, Hee's well and Living, that Well dies.

ON THE
DEATH OF THE RIGHT
HONOVRABLE
THE LORD
VISCOVNT BAYNING.

THough after Death, Thanks leſſen into Praiſe,
And Worthies be not crown'd with gold, but bayes;
Shall we not thank? To praiſe Thee all agree;
We Debtors muſt out doe it, heartily.
Deſerv'd Nobility of True Deſcent,
Though not ſo Old in Thee grew Ancient:
We number not the Tree of Branched Birth,
But Genealogie of Vertue, ſpreading forth
To many births in value. Piety,
True Valour, Bounty, Meekneſſe, Modeſty,
Theſe noble off-ſprings ſwell Thy Name as much,
As *Richards*, *Edwards*, three, foure, twenty ſuch:
For in thy Perſon's linage ſurnam'd are
The great, the good, the wiſe, the juſt, the faire.
One of theſe ſtiles innobles a whole ſtemme;

If all be found in One, what race like Him!
Long ſtayres of birth, unleſſe they likewiſe grow
To higher vertue, muſt deſcend more low.
Whē water comes through numerous veins of lead,
'Tis water ſtill; Thy blood from One pipes head
Grew *Aqua-vitæ* ſtreight, with ſpirits fill'd,
As not traduc'd, but rais'd, ſublim'd, diſtill'd.
Nobility farre ſpread, I may behold,
Like the expanded skie, or diſſolv'd gold,
Much rarified; I ſee't contracted here
Into a ſtarre, the ſtrength of all the ſpheare;
Extracted like th'Elixir from the Mine,
And highten'd ſo, that 'tis too ſoone divine.
Divinity continues not beneath;
Alas nor He: But though He paſſe by death,
He that for many liv'd, gaines many lives
After hee's dead: Each friend, and ſervant ſtrives
To give him breath in praiſe; this Hoſpital,
That Priſon, Colledge, Church, muſt needs recall
To mind their Patron; whoſe rich legacies
In forreigne lands, and under other skies
To them aſſign'd, ſhew that his heart did even
In France love England, as in England Heaven.
Heav'n well perceiv'd this double pious love,
Both to his Country here, and that above:
Therefore the day, that ſaw Him landed here,
Hath ſeen him landed in his Haven there;
The ſelfe-ſame day (but two yeares interpos'd)
Saw Sun and Him round ſhining twice and clos'd.
No Citizen ſo covetous could be

Of

Of getting wealth, as of beſtowing, He;
His Body, and Eſtate went as they came,
Stript of Appendix Both, and left the ſame
But in th'Originall; Neceſſity
Deveſted one, the other Charity.
It coſt him more to cloth his ſoule in death,
Then e're to cloth his fleſh for ſhort-liv'd breath;
And whereas Lawes exact from Niggards dead
A Portion for the Poore, they now are ſaid
To moderate His bounty: never ſuch (much:
Was knowne but once, that men ſhould give too
A Tabernacle then was built, and now
The like in heav'n is purchas'd: Learn you how;
Partly by building Men, and partly by
Erecting walls, by new-found Chymiſtry, (Pile,
Turning of Gold to Stones. Our Chriſt-Church
Great *Henrie's* monument, ſhall grow a while
With *Bayning's* Treaſure; who away hath took,
Like thoſe at *Weſtminſter*, to fill a nook (may
'Mongſt beds of Kings. Thus ſpeak, ſpeak while we
For Stones will ſpeak when We are huſh'd in Clay.

W. Strode D.D. *Canon of Ch.C.*

In obitum Illuſtriſſimi Vicecomitis
Bayning

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus Alumno,
Quàm bona Fortunæ, Corporis, atq; Animi?

En hæc Heroe hoc ſimul omnia; quid petat ultra?
Quid potiùs? Cœlum: quod novus hoſpes habet.

The ſame Engliſhed.

Can Nurſe chooſe in her ſweet babe more to find,
Then goods of Fortune, Body, and of Mind?
Loe here at once all this: what greater bliſſe
Can'ſt hope or wiſh? Heaven; why there he is.

ROB. BVRTON. *of Ch. Ch.*

On the Death of the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount BAYNING.

SO when an haſty vigour doth diſcloſe
An early flame in the more forward Roſe,
That Rareneſſe doth deſtroy it: Wonders owe
This to themſelves ſtill, that they cannot grow.
Such Ripeneſſe was His Fate: Thus to appeare
At firſt, was not hereafter to ſtay here.
Who thither firſt ſteps, whither others tend,
When He ſets forth is at the Iourney's end.
But as Short things moſt vigour have, and we
Find Force the Recompence of Brevity;
So was it here: Compactedneſſe gave Strength,
The Life was Cloſe, though not ſpun out at Length.
Nothing lay idle in't: Experience Rules,
Men ſtrengthn'd Books, & Cities ſeaſon'd Schools.

Nor

Nor did he iſſue forth to come Home thence
(As ſome) leſſe Man, then they goe out from hence:
Who think new Ayre new Vices may create,
And ſtamp Sinne Lawful in Another State;
Who make Exotick Cuſtomes Native Arts,
And Looſe Italian Vices Engliſh Parts:
He naturaliz'd Perfections only; gain'd
A round and ſolid mind, ſeverely train'd,
And manag'd his deſires; brought oft checkt Senſe
Vnto the ſway of, Reaſon comming thence
His owne acquaintance, morgag'd unto none,
But was himſelfe His owne poſſeſſion.
Thus ſtarres by journying ſtill, gaine, and diſpenſe,
Drawing at once, and ſhedding influence:
Thus Spheares by Regular Motion doe encreaſe
Their Tunes, and bring their Diſcords into Peace.
Hence knew He his owne value, ne're put forth
Honour for Merit; Pow'r inſtead of Worth:
Nor, when He poyz'd himſelfe, would He prevaile
By Wealth, and make his Mannors turne the ſcale.
Deſert was only ballanc'd; nor could we
Say my Lord's Rents were only Weight, not He:
Only one ſlight he had; from being Small
Vnto himſelfe, He came Great unto all:
But Great by no mans Ruine: For who will
Say that his Seat e're made the next Seate ill?
No Neighb'ring-village was unpeopled here
'Cauſe it durſt bound a Noble Eye too neere.
Who could e're ſay my Lord, and the next Marſh
Made frequent Herriots for that any harſh

Oppreſſive uſage made Young Lives ſoone fall?
Or who could His ſeven thouſand bad Ayre call?
He bleſſings ſhed: Men knew not to whom more,
The Sun, or Him, they might impute their ſtore.
No rude exaction, or licentious times
Made his Revenewes Others, or His Crimes:
Nor are his Legacies poore-mens preſent teares,
Or doe they for the future raiſe their feares.
No ſuch contrivance here as to profeſſe
Bounty, and with Large Miſeries feed the Leſſe;
Fat ſome with their owne almes; beſtow, and pill;
And Common Hungers with Great Famines fill,
Making an Hundred Wretches endow Tenne,
Taking the Field, and giving a Sheafe then:
As Robbers, whom they ſpoile, perhaps will lend
Small ſummes to helpe them to their journey's end.
All was untainted here, and th' Author ſuch,
That every gift from Him grew twice as much.
We, who erewhile did boaſt his preſence, doe
Now boaſt a ſecond grace, his bounty too;
Bounty, was judgment here: for he beſtowes
Not who diſperſeth, but who giues and knowes.
And what more wiſe deſigne, then to renew, (drew!
And dreſſe the breſt, from which he knowledge
Thus pious men, ere their departure, firſt (thirſt.
Would crown the fountain which had quencht their
Hence ſtrive we all his memory to engroſſe,
Our Common Love before, but now Our Loſſe.

W. Cartwright *of Ch. Ch.*

Vpon

Vpon the Death of the Right Honourable, the Lord Viſcount BAYNING.

O Had He been at Rome again, for there
The Mercy of his Sickneſſe did him ſpare;
Acknowledging this Law, that 'tis but juſt
The place which gave him breath, ſhould make him duſt:
That as we have a Native ſoile, ſo we
Ought not to beare Forreine Mortality.
Though He was only diſtant then from's grave
Some ſtore of Miles, not Years, and we can have
No worſe then Abſence, whether in the Tombe
He lye, or in a Climate live from home:
Yet had He been, though from our ſelves, remov'd
To any diſtance, if from death beſtow'd,
We would have buried Envy, bin content
His preſence was to any people lent,
Bin glad ſome time was ſtill to come, though ſmall,
And could not long rejourne his funerall.
Death now came Haſty on him, and ſo quick,
He ſcarce had leave or time for to grow ſick,
But dy'd almoſt in Health, and you may pleaſe
To call his very life his chiefe diſeaſe.
The Vrne may triumph that the fatall dart
Hath wonne the ſpoile alone, without the Art
Or learned help of Phyſick, not a Graine
Orcurious ſcruple from the Doctor tane
Made up a skilfull wound, but he did dye
By the rude ſtroke of plain Mortality:
Which was not given when his haire turn'd froſt,

And

And wore the colour which his Aſhes muſt:
When all his Youth and Beauty were ſo ſpent,
That Age had made him his own Monument;
When it might be Humanity to kill,
And the moſt deadly Drug might proue good-will:
But in a Spring of freſh and active Blood,
When there was nothing old in Him, but Good;
He had Graie vertues, and by view of's mind
Not yeares, he was ſo ſoon to heaven deſign'd.
He who ſaw that, could ſee He liv'd his Age
Of foureſcore, made his Race a Pilgrimage.
And ſtill he lives, and from his lateſt night
Breaks out unto the world a glorious light,
Getting this conqueſt over death, that He
Was ſnatch'd away in's Liberality,
In's Piety to build, and care to frame
Such ſumptuous Trophies as will ſave his name.
Had he one vacant houre from Bounty ſpent,
And in that houre unto his grave been ſent;
'T had been leſſe glory to his Fall, to dye
Iuſt in the ſleeping of his Charity:
But to be caught in Good, in' Vertue ſtrook,
Made him Triumphant ere He earth forſook.
So did the ſtout *Athenian* ſtand in Death,
Rearing his Statue while he loſt his Breath.

I. MAPPLET *of Ch. Ch.*

To

To the memory of the Honourable Lord
BAYNING.

FOrbeare yee whining Wits to rayle at Fate
In viler termes then Scolds at *Billings-gate:*
Nor brand poore Death with baſer Epithites
Then *Textor* has when of the Divell he writes:
All ſuch ill-ſounding Dirges yee can have
Are but as Mandrakes planted on his grave.
Your teares are now ridiculous; were I
A Poet, I would write Deaths Elogie.
Shee here was juſt, and courteous; Suppoſe
We ſhould in Ianuary ſee a Roſe
Full blown, would we not pull't, and think it worth
Myriads of thoſe that May or Iune brings forth?
This early fruitfull Flowre being ripe i'th' Spring
Was a fit Preſent for our Soveraigns King.
Should ſhee have left it for the Summers Fly,
Or Autumn's Worme, 't had been ill huſwifery:
Shee cropt it ſuddenly, and was as nice
In killing Him, as Prieſts a Sacrifice.
Leſt any bruiſe ſhould happen, 'twas her ſtrife
To cut, and not ſaw off his thread of life.
Shee knew he was prepar'd, and therefore ſent
No Gout to tell him that he muſt repent.
A tedious ſickneſſe had his Friends more griev'd;
He then had longer died, not longer liv'd.
We judge a Keeper dull and hard of heart,

That wounds the timorous Dear in every part.
He doth in Skill and Courteſy excell,
That kills not hurts, and makes his Prey die Well.
Deaths quicker blow did then no injury,
But that it hindred Doctors of a Fee.
There's none will curſe a winde 'cauſe it doth ſend
Their ſhip too ſoon unto the journies end.
Doe any Trav'lers think their Horſes ſinne,
Vnleſſe they bring them Late unto their Inne?
He now a Voyage took; He that did goe
To *France* and *Rome*, muſt needs ſee Heaven too.
What would you ſay of him that went about
To ſee all *England*, and left *London* out!
'Twas for His Glory that He died ſo ſoon;
Should He have lingred till his after-noon,
We had ſuſpected Him of groſſer blood;
By ſhort continuance we judge things Good:
A fine pure ſilken veſture cannot weare
So long as garments weav'd of hemp or hayre.
By this his early fall He did preſent
The Gods with a perfume of ſweeter ſent.
Tapers that burne and languiſh 'till they come
To th'ſocket, leave ill odours in the roome.
Lords count it a diſparagement, if they
Should not have ſuits which ſeem new every day.
Had it not injur'd his high Soule to weare
His Body till the fleſh had look'd thred-bare?
Seeing he died ſo Young, it may be ſaid
That he's tranſplanted rather then decay'd:
By his freſh looks, and his faire youthfull chin

We

We may believe he's made a *Cherubin*.
Thoſe then that wet his Hearſe, and vainly Cry,
Not Mourne, but Pine at His Eternity.
Envy that here ſtill follow'd Him, is made
After His death, the ſhadow of His ſhade.
Whil'ſt others ſtudied how to looſe their time,
Thinking that *Logick* would their Birth beſlime,
As if it were Gentile not to Diſpute;
It was his chief ambition to confute;
Who not alone aym'd to deſerve his *Grace*,
But ſeem'd by paines to wiſh a *Students* place.
Though Heralds did to Him great Names afford,
He heard *Sir* BAYNING ſooner then *My Lord*.
Leſt the proud noiſe of Titles might beginne
Thoughts that might ſwell His Plenty into ſinne,
Arts and Religion gnarded them; He knew
His Fortunes were but Crimes, without theſe two;
And in a noble ſcorne diſdain'd to ſpell
The Lord ith' Scutchion more then Chronicle.
His Pride was to be Eloquent, and Able
As is Our *Dorſet* at the Councell-Table.
He knew unleſſe a bright Retinue come
Of Vertues too, Man's but a glorious Tombe,
Carv'd ore with names of Honour, which may win
The eyes applauſe, but is but Stench within.
Did you but read his *Will* you'd think that He
Had been a Reverend Biſhop; Lords there be
That falling in their youth bequeath alone
Their Bodyes to our Churches, not a Stone,
Vnleſſe for their Gwn Tombe; twas His high care

They ſhould his Lands as well as Carcaſſe ſhare.
As if he meant each place his Heire ſhould be,
He bleſt the Priſons with his Charity.
Iayles are now Hoſpitalls; to ſome 'twill be
Not to be bayld or freed, a courteſy.
His Guifts will ſtill the *New-gate* Cries; we ſhall
Heare the cag'd Birds hereafter ſing, not ball.
Much doe we owe to him beſides that Plate,
Which is when full of fragments full of State:
The *Knife* and *Voider's* ſuch that to a Gueſt
Taking away is as a ſecond feaſt.
But the Example of his Life will be
To after times the richeſt Legacy.

R. West *of Ch. Ch.*

To the Lady Bayning.

PArdon our Bold Teares, Madam, that we doe
Preſume to joyn our ſelves Mourners with You.
Griefis no Herald; there's no Rule in Moanes,
We never ſtand on Titles in our Groanes.
Manners and Complement we prize the leſſe,
Where a Confus'd ſad Griefe is the beſt dreſſe:
Yet we doe hope You will no Cenſure make,
And Teares ſwoln up with Grief for Pride miſtake;
Nor call our ſighs to th' Court of Honor, wee
Doe not lament for the Brave Company.
Where our own loſſe prompts us, you need not fear

Rivals

Rivals in plaints, as Iealous of each Teare.
We all enjoy'd so much of Him, we dare
Allow You but a Part, and Common share:
His Goodnes was so much diffus'd, we doe
Think we might love him without wrong to You.
May we not think him now but crost'd the Seas,
And count His Death 'mong other Voyages?
Sure, as no Land he here did travell o're
But what in's Study He had past'd before,
And first knew France and Spaine in England, ere
He was a Witnesse of their Actions there;
So was his pure Refined soule we know
So well acquainted with the place it now
More fully dwells in, 'tmay be truly said
He had been much in Heav'n ere he was Dead.
But this doth only cheat our Grief, the maine
Comfort's our Hope to see him here againe,
In that brave off-spring which your Blood yet keeps
Alive in memory of Him that sleeps.
Which when you shall give Birth to, He being gone
We all will count his Resurrection.

Rob. Meade Cl. Ch.

On the Death of the Lord Viſcount
BAYNING.

WHen Titles fall, and Death ambitious how
To raiſe his Triumph, makes ſome great one bow,
Not *Cadmus* teeth could halfe ſo ſoon infuſe
A ſoule, as can Their duſt inſpire a Muſe;
Whiles death enlivens death, and moſt wits have
Their Reſurrection from anothers Grave:
Nor were the wonder ſtrange thus to behold
Our Ice inflam'd, our Heat ſpring out of Cold,
Did all like BAYNING dye; did every Lord
More griefe for Vertue loſt, then State afford,
How might bad verſes be excus'd, when we
Found all writ truth, no other Poetry;
When height of Fancy left Expreſſion weak,
Not able to Begin, much leſſe to Speak
And tell to th'full, that hence whats e're cald verſe,
Will be but Tribute due to this Mans hearſe? (Light
Such was thy worth; whoſe dawning prov'd that
Whichaged beams ſend forth, to Thine true night:
Whoſe Paſtime ſpent in *Oxford* (for what more
Is it for Noble-men to turne Books ore?)
Prov'd Serious Play: True Honour does know how
To Riſe to Vertue, not make Vertue Bow.
This Gaind Him Reverence, Young: Receiving, He
Gave to th'Univerſity a degree:
Thus Bloſſom'd in his Bud, thus early wiſe

Grown

Grown now the Ioy, not Envy of mens eyes:
Travell's His Choice, not Refuge; unlike thoſe
Who what they want at Home, Abroad diſcloſe,
Paſſing this Country to ſhun that; thus round
Spend all their Own to out-run Forrein ground.
Luſtre went with Him, and whiles He did paſſe,
That place was thought worth ſeeing where He was.
Rome entertain'd Him, which you then might call
The worlds Head juſtly, when the Cardinall
Enrich'd by's Preſents, found his Honour more
By what He added to his Princely ſtore.
Thus big with forreine Praiſes, Hee's come home,
But all was only here to find a Tombe:
Where we muſt let him reſt, thus good, thus young;
For too much grief would doe His Vertues wrong;
Whoſe Morn though clowded, ſee's His haſtned
Extended to their full in his Friends Tears. (years

H. Gresley *of Ch. Ch.*

On the Death of the Lord Bayning.

'Tis not ambition drawes my juyceleſſe pen
Thus to diſtill a Poëm; 'mongſt ſuch Men,
Or rather Gods of Poëtry 'tis Pride
To come behind, Duty to be deſcri'd
I'th' liſt of Them; beſides I think't not fit
To raiſe a fire where floods of teares ſhould meet;

And

And Poëtry's a fire: but my Muſe feares
A kindling from this urne, leſt drown'd with teares
It quickly turne to aſhes, and there be
Not a ſpark left to weepe an elegie.
Yet this, Great BAYNING's dead! That's all I have
Or can ſpeak: Silence beſt becomes the Grave.
Yet this againe, Whilſt with us here He ſtriv'd
To outdoe Goodneſſe, Bounty, All, He liv'd
His Character; who in his carriage than
Shew'd of himſelfe that, which no Poët can:
Who with his rareſt art, and choyceſt quill
Muſt ſerve here only to expreſſe him ill.
He was ſo pure, ſo ſpotleſſe, ſo refind,
I took Him for ſome Angell, Soule, or Mind,
And think it no hyperbole to call
As others From, To heav'n this Angel's Fall.
I dare not write an Epitaph, for feare
The Vrne devoure my Verſe, being ſo neare.
Yet thus much to their Honours at the Court,
(Two loſſes being knowne) I dare report,
(And 'tis no treaſon, theſe great names being read,
Herbert, and *Bayning*,) That all *Vertues* dead.

T. D. *of Ch. Ch.*

Vpon the Death of the Lord BAYNING.

MOſt ſacred hearſe, let it no ſin appeare,
If I upon thy Vrne doe weepe one teare!
I muſt vent out my ſighes, it cannot be

A losse to us, to th'*Vniversitie*,
Nay the whole Nation too, should slightly passe
With this memoriall only, that He was:
Whilst vertue shall be talk't of, till we shall
See nought that's good, thy memory cannot fall.
Ile're we shall of some *Vtopian* heare
That never knew rash boldnesse, or cold feare,
No riot, no injustice, no excesse,
Nor want, but all things in just perfectnesse,
Actions so rul'd by prudence, and so all
As if his Vertues too were Naturall.
Then we shall think on BAYWINO, sweare that Hee,
That wrote it, meant it for His History,
Proper to Him. Whose Life was such, we can
scarce Iudge by which He greater Glory wan,
His Actions, or His Studies: what the Sage
Appropriate to the Wrinckle, and Old Age,
Knowledge, He compast in His Smoother Dayes,
And did Greene Passions up to Wisdome raise.
Learning He thought no Burden, or to know
In Theoricke Vertues which He meant to show;
Nor took't a Blemish to Nobility,
To have a Schollar's merited Degree,
Esteem'd it not sufficient to heare
Compleate at home, and move but in one Spheare:
This Nation's too Contract; He does goe o're
Laden with Vertues to a Forreigne Shoare,
Not to exchange for Vice, or leave behind
To them the qualities of His Vertuous Mind;
As if He could no Traveller appeare,

If He return'd the same man He was here:
But He addes to it all the good *France* can
Call Proper Hers; all the *Italian*,
Which without Stay so easily He cou'd,
As if He were by Inspiration good.
To them He seem'd a Native, they would sweare
He never was in any part but there:
He was so perfect without travell, we
In Him both Kingdomes Vertue here did see.
Thus fully furnish't with all nature's dowre,
With Art, Experience, and Uertue's Power.
We saw him flourishing, but nature here
Begins her bounty quite exhaust to feare,
And being of her lavish store now dry,
She cuts Him downe full in Felicity.
Thus the best Fruits just ripe are crop't, although
Without corruption they might longer grow.
But let this serve to stop our flowing teares,
That he dy'd Full: Age is not Numerous yeares;
Nor are they only Old that longest live,
Perfection and Uertue Fulnesse give.

THO. IRHAM *of Ch. Ch.*

Upon

Vpon the Death of the Lord Viſcount
BAYNING.

TO weep one Great and Good, t'adorn his Hearſe
Whoſe Life was above Chronicle, or Verſe,
Requireth thoſe, whoſe fancies could create
A ſubject like to Him, as Good, and Great.
Theſe Lines (alas!) they are not meant to give
Life to that Name, by which themſelves muſt live:
That Name, Which doth employ each tongue, each
To ſing His Praiſes, write his Chronicle. (Quill
BAYNING! Whoſe very ſound perfumes the Ayre,
Commands a Reverence, and a liſtning eare.

Books were a Guide t'his Youth, and Company;
He thought of them with greater Charity
Then thoſe, who think them fit to entertaine
Only the houres of a hot Sun, or Raine.
When He perus'd great Acts of Hiſtory,
His large thoughts did ſuggeſt them Prophecy,
And Types of Him: when He the Vertues read,
And ſaw himſelfe tranſcrib'd, and copied,
He with a modeſty admir'd to find
Men ſo familiar with His Thoughts and Mind.

Seaſon'd, and ballaſted with theſe, He then,
Leaving our *Athens*, went to ſtudie Men.
Not like to thoſe who travell to bring home
A Faſhion, or to ſay they have ſeene Rome;

But to obſerve each State and Policy,
T'enrich his Mind, more then Geography.
And now returned home, when he begun
To practiſe here each Obſervation,
While we beholde *Europes* Epitome
Of Men in Him, of States in's Family,
While *Charles* expects his aid, the Realme no leſſe,
Deathſtops his Glory, and our Happineſſe, (come:
But Good Men have liv'd long when e're Fates
Their Age by Vertues, nor by Yeares we ſumme;

SAM. IACKSON *of Ch. C*

Vpon the Death of the honourable Lord Viſcount BAYNING.

GReat Lord of Ghoſts, we ſigh not out Thy Fall,
As only *Thine*, But th' *Muſes* Funeralls;
We weepe our *Colledge* ſecond Ruines, and
May Queſtion chiefly Death's erroneous Hand,
That yet we boaſt Intents alone, an Heape,
And Breaches, only not entitled cheape,
That Thoſe who entring *Strangers*, here would look,
Doe Paſſe ours, as a *Colledge* but miſtooke:
Yet Orphan-like w'are not bereft of All,
The ſame, that waile, ſhare too Thy haſtned Fall;
Thy Piles bequeath'd yet, which ſhall firme and ſafe
With *Wolſeys* ſtand thy larger *Epitaph*.

But

But we not misse His Gifts alone, nor weepe
Mercy and Bounty only fallen asleepe;
We boast no Scutchions, nor admire Thy Blood,
(Great Soule) but best descent by Learning Good,
Though Noble, mourning not the Losse of Thee,
As of a man but *Universities*:
Who grac'd our *Schooles* with a *Degree*, All Parts
Arriv'd, A Breathing System of the Arts.
Not like our Silken Heires, who only bound
Their knowledge in the Sphear of Hauke or Hound,
And there confin'd, limit their scant discourse,
Know more the *Vaulting* then the *Muses* Horse:
Who if They rescue Time from Cards or Dice
To Lance on Sharpes, or some such manly Prize,
Advance Their Lineage, raise Their Stock, if They
But more severely loose the Precious Day.
He could unriddle each Schoole-knot, untie
All, but Death's sad contrived *Fallacie*:
For th' Stroke was Project Here, no Siege, no Art
Of lingring Death, or Preface to His Dart;
No vedious knotty Gout, or feverish Drought
But all as Soft and Peacefull as *His* Youth:
He only slept in Haste, as if to Die
Had no Departure been, but Extasie:
so gliding we descry a starry Ball,
Which from it's Sphear doth rather shoot, then Fal.
Yet *Thy* short Thread wee'le not revile, nor vexe
'Cause Th' art not imag'd in the Nobler Sexe;
For such Transcriptions wee'le not anxious be,
Where we discover full Maturitie:

Ripened for Death Thou art Deceas'd, not Kill'd;
Nor is *Thy* great *Name* Periſh'd, but Fulfill'd.
For what can adde unto the juſteſt Height,
Who Hopes encreaſe to Glorie's perfect Weight,
To Him that had ſurvei'd all Forreigne parts,
Extracting not Their Vices, but Their Arts?
Th' *Italian* Brain, not Heate, was skil'd from *Rheine*
In Their exacteſt *Manners*, not Their *Vine*.
Their Deepeſt Myſteries did only reach,
And Had more Languages, then others teach?
All Worth His Eye He view'd, that ſuch a Fall
Might ſhare a ſorrow Epidemicall,

FRAN. POWELL *of Ch. Ch.*

Vpon the Death of the Lord Viſcount BAYNING.

DEath's Chambers are entich't, and we may ſay
He did not Kill, but Stole This Prize away.
For th'now pale Manſion, where his Soule a-bode
Does make the Coffin precious by it's Load:
Yet that was but His Droſſe; ſearch, you will find
Him at Fifteene a Sophy; 's Nonage Mind
Made the Schooles boaſt Him Graduate; and's Wit
Writ Him th' reviv'd refined Stagerite.
And leſt the Sophiſters might erre in this,
Granted Platonicke *Metempſuchoſis*;

And

And did conclude, Maugre their Brains and Books,
Arts doe not alwaies lie in ill-fac'd looks;
And th'totred Gowne no longer now should be
Held for an Embleme of Philosophy.
He did adorne the Scarlet which he wore; (fore:
And made them Robes which were but Cloth be-
Titles were truths in him; Young, Fair, Rich, Learn'd
No complements, but Purchase, truly earn'd:
No Would-be-Wits maintain'd Hee at His Board,
Nought was in him suspitious but The Lord:
Yet no Braines cloth'd, or Phancy fed Him; Hee
Rich in Estate, as Ingenuitie:
And might have (without doubt of missing it,)
Petition'd for th' Monopoly of Wit;
To this vast masse of Wealth He had assign'd
As ample thoughts; no narrow, griping Mind,
Mansions by Industry compos'd, not Hands
He fed on; and devour'd His Books, not Lands.
To whose large Guifts we of this place must owe;
Since that He thought His Owne He did bestow.
Thy Volumes nam'd Our Library, and We
As well for Stones as Bookes indebted be.
For though no Founder of the place, yet must
We say, thou rays'dst our Buildings out o'th' Dust;
Thou didst bequeath 'em Their Nativitie;
And they doe Glory Their New-Birth from Thee.
Thus liv'st Thou, Maugre Fate; Thy better Parts
Survive thus in our Memories, and Hearts:
Nor need'st Thou claime statued Antiquity;
Vertue Perpetuates Thy Nobility.

Since

Since we may Date, from thy Departure hence,
The Dearth of Merit and Benevolence.

Tho. Nordaye *of Ch. Ch.*

On the Death of the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount Baynino.

SO ſets the Sunne, when ſtrait there doth enſue
On the forſaken plants a Penſive Dew:
And ſo they hang their heads as we, the fall
O'th' Sun and Baynino are Griefs Generall.
There were ſome comfort yet in Tears could we
But mourn our Loſſe in worthy lines, like Thee;
Could we, by what we write, to celebrate
Thy Name to Life, reſcue Our Own from fate.
But we (alas) orecome with Luſtre, doe
Only a proud and ſolemne weakneſſe ſhow.
And ſome who knew Thee better ſure will raiſe
A Loving well-meant Libell from our praiſe.
To ſpeak one Good as Noble, Rich as Free,
Were but to cloud Thy worth, and conceale Thee:
To write Thy painfull Study's, Learnings ſtore
Were wrong, theſe had been vertues in the Poore.
So many numerous Paths of Praiſe we find,
Tread which we will we leave the Beſt behind:
We cannot Praiſe, nor Thank enough, the ſtore
Of Guifts thou haſt bequeath'd us makes us Poore.
Yet when our Ruines ſhall be rais'd (which we

May

May Hope for now, thriving ſo well by Thee)
Each ſtone Thy Bounty lay's there ſhall become
A better Monument then a Coſtly Tombe.

R. DAY *of Ch. Ch.*

Illuſtriſſimi Vicecomitis BAYNING
fato immaturo functi
P. M. S.

SIc dum ſecundus Penelope Canitur Hymenæus,
Emenſoſq́ iam errores iterata quaſi Nuptia coronant,
Redux Maritus Evaneſcit;
Vxorq́ Virum Sævas narrantem Vias
Dum per Oſcula liberare geſtit,
Quærit quem labris premat:
Ita vel Cõiugis vice Cõiugis Vmbrã accepiſſe putemus,
Vel ſi Coniugem, ideò tantum ut bis vidua eſſet.
Gaudemus tamen quod Mitior Pelagi Deus
Amplexandum nobis pauliſper Corpus indulſerit;
Multumque Vndis debemus,
Quod non inane Sepulchrum, & ſolis titulis lugeamus.
Te ſub undis labente
Novum ſtupeſcens Terra ſenſiſſet Diem:
Nam debitos Phœbo ſinus, & facilem thorum
Deluſa Thetis Occidenti præbuiſſet Tibi,
Pulſuſq́ Titan etiam noctu ſydera fugaſſet.
At O Natura!

Fatiſve ſubjecis exemplaria Tua?
Mortiq; ius facis in Archetypos vultus?
Molimini certè tuo tam elaborato,
Hoc ſaltē indere debuiſſes, non potuiſſe Seneſcere.
Quis iam,
Quis, precor, Aromatum vice Opera diſperget?
Novumq; Aulicos luxum edocebit,
Boni Nominis Vnguentum?
Quem non unius Artis Præſidem,
Ita Philoſophantem audivimus,
Quaſi Vicecomitis Prærogativâ etiā literis imperaret.
Hoc Tu teſteris, Roma,
Quæ, accedente ipſo, Bodleianā in Vaticanā ſenſeris,
Mobilemq; Oxoniam obſtupueris.
Sed quàm improvidus noſter dolor,
Qui eodem flumine iam rogum deflet Tuum,
Quo olim diſceſſum?
Vt non ſolennieri pompâ ſtipatus ſis moriens,
Quàm itineranus alim proceſſerunt!
Parcas tamen (queris,
Cum eò dignior evadas quia non velut Defunctus lu-
Credimus enim Te poſt reviſum Orbem Noſtrum
Iam tantùm Polos Peragrare,
Et nunc etiam iter facere,
Non tam Mortem obiens, quam Legationem.

F. Palmer ex Æd. Ch.

In obitum Illuſtriſſimi Vice-comitis BAYNING.

ERgone tam ſubitâ potuit vice lenior Aura
Turbinis iſſe vias, & ruptâ Flaminis irâ
In rapidos creviſſe Imbres, & Grandinis inſtar,
Præcipitaſſe Ictus? vel, quas modò Straverat undas,
Inſanire jubet? Noſtri hæc Emblemata Morbi
Præripiunt Lætis lacrymas: dum fortior Ætas
(Furtivos ſimulans riſus, & picta futuri
Gaudia ſola Mali,) Fato contermina, ocellos
Vix aptos lugere, docet; fluctuſq; ſerenâ
Mente rotat: tantos (placidæ Faſtidia vitæ)
Eructat teneros gemitus, adeoq; fatigat
Corpus, ut Ipſa ſalus ſit tantùm Ænigma malorum.
Sic Tumidum in ſudo Neptunum vidimus: uno
Saltant Corda loco, quo conſternata recumbunt:
Sic tremulam innocuâ cingit vertigine flammam,
Dum quo Muſca prius luſit, iam conditur Igne.
Quid tamen (in Metâ labor eſt) torquemur euntes?
Inſtruimuſq; novas diris Ambagibus Vrnas?
Mortuus eſt:-- ultimum ſacrum fas dicere Nomen!
Siſte tamen Gemitus, fas eſt & dicere Nomen,
Syllabaſi gemitu magè flebilis impleat Aures;
Si quicquam emittas præter ſuſpiria, Bayning
Qui recitare poteſt, Luctus ſacrata repenit
Iuramenta ſui, Noſtræq; eſt Perfidus Iræ.
Sic geminus, Monumenta viri, Monumenta revulſi

Nominis, Horror habet; nisi quæ meliore quiescant
Vxoris tumulata sinu; nisi Præscius Infans
Iustior erumpat Tumuli vindicta Paterni.
Quid minuam, Narrando, Virum? fœcundáq; certè
Gramina nativis pinxisse coloribus? Illi
Debetur tantum vitæ descriptio, cuius
Vita minus Meritis redolet, quam Funus Odore:
Cuius Fama levis (patitur dum fata sepulchrum)
Interitu brevior, Tumuloque angustior ipso est.
Iam morbo præreptæ suo pia Fragmina vocis
Exaudire iuvat, sacro quæ Prodiga Luxu
Munera donârunt; Nudi ut ditescere possint:
Quæ miranda magis, Plenas has Divitis ora
Degustâre Manus; hinc & Collegia crescunt.
Inter vivaces Tua vita repullulet urnas,
Turgeat atq; nouo fama Angustata sepulchro:
Cum tamen obductâ iaceas caligine, reddant
Non aliam Tibi fata Fugam, quam Nubila Soli.

R. Lute ex Æde Ch.

In obitum Illustrissimi Vice-comitis Baynino.

Ergo Hominum Mores tantũ est vidisse periclũ:
Vivere dum didicit sic didicitne Mori?
Iam poterat Carolo *partem feciße Senatûs,*
Vel Iuvenis Pectus iam Synodale gerens.

Iamq;

Iamq; Vias poterat monſtraſſe, Artesque nocendi,
Triſtius & quicquid Roma recondit opus.
Sed tantum poterat: vetuiſti cætera, Fatum:
Non erat hæc cultro victima digna Tuo.
Inſidioſa Manus nunquam ſua Munera ſtruxit:
Pars vel ſimplicitas Muneris ipſa fuit.
Teteſtor tam digna Domus, quæ Nomina iactas
Cui geminum ornatum, Semet, Opeſq; dedit.
Incola ſic Homines auxit, ſic Tecta Patronus,
Nunc Vno pluſquam Nomine noſter Amor.
O Impar, ſed Grata Ædes! utinamq; decorem
Tu poteras Illi, quem dedit Ille Tibi.

Io. Giara ex Æd. Ch.

Pvllos, quiſquis es, induas colores,
Orna funereâ caput Cupreſſo;
Ite hinc delicia, Venus, Cupido:
Noſtra delicia dolor, querela.
Heu gentis periit decus Britanna,
Lumenq;, & columen novem ſororum,
In flore heu perist peremptus Ævi.
Vixiſti Iuvenis diu, Senectam
Virtutes faciunt, brevi Tabellâ
Depictum videas ferum Gygantem.
At mores ſileo, ſilere præſtat,
Quam præconia frigidè referre.

Ite meæ Lachrymæ, tanquàm de Nube procellæ,
Cum nimis ingenti pondere pressa ruit,
Proh dolor! heu periit, per luctûs edere Nomen
Vix possum, in primo Veris honore sui.
Non tamen hoc credam, iuvat usq; favere dolori,
Sed nequeo, hoc dolor est, non doluisse satis.
Mæstum Phœbe canas; lugete, haud ludite Musæ,
Namq; est conveniens luctibus iste labor.
Huic sacram lauri tumulo deferte Tributum,
Vos aluit, quamvis vester Alumnus erat.
Addere nil cupimus, cui nil queat altius addi:
Si nil diminuam, carmina nostra placent.
Te nimis indigno dum flemus carmine, duplex
Exoritur luctus, Carminis, atq; Tui.

I. Fell ex Æd. Ch.

In Obitum Clarissimi, Ornatissimique Vicecomitis Baynino.

Hospes Deorum, nænias si quis Tibi
Facilesq; luctu palpebras effunderet,
Nec pauciores laudibus Lacrymas Tuis
Semper fluentes, & tamen semper novas,
Multum litabit Funeri, minimum Tibi.
Si, quos Poetæ vix satis Calamis pios
Mittant liquores, hauriant suum licet
Helicona studiis; si, quot attulerint tuo

Onus feretro, Chartulæ innumeras atræ
Lachrymæ effundant, tuæ amicæ Conjugis
Fratrũ, & nepotũ atq; omnium quot sunt Tui
Addam Lachrymulas, ut dolor fiet unicus,
Viq; tot ocellis unicam Lachrymam struat,
Quam Charus esses dixerit, Quantus nequit.

Si quis, tacendo quos Tibi numeres Avos,
ATe relatum stemma nobile computet
Seriemq; laudum censeat, Merita & necis,
Pietate post humã colentis Numina,
Donata Templis si quis, & Musis pium
Vectigal audit, quæq; perpetuum in Decus
Loquax Sepulchrum jactet, huic adhuc latet.
Aut si quis ultrà, præter has dotes Tuas
Sacramq; famam, vel parùm referat Tui,
Quam non modestè flere, dum memorat, licet.
Quantas iuventus nobilis, & ætas sagax
Virinsq; Terræ literas excoxerat!
Oxonia quantum debet & Conatibus
Tuisq; meritis! Ast adhuc minimum latet:
Majora dictis Nomen ipsum prædicat;
Sed quisquis istud noveris, taceas precor,
Ne Fama, tanti dum subit Cineres viri,
Non posterorum Culinum, at Invidiam trahat.

RICARDVS GODERAY
ex Ædi. Ch.

In

In Obitum Clariſſimi Uicecomitis Bayning.

Mvndi, Doctus opes, ſuaſq; ſpernens,
Uiſens una hominum docenſq; mores;
Paſſim barbariem, viroſq; brutos
Conſpectu cicurans, domanſq; terras;
Magnus Moribus, inde major Arte:
Sub quo Regna velint coire pace,
Præſentemq; colunt, timent futurum,
Legati decus Hic tulit Viator,
Flammas Italiæ *Alpium pruinis,*
Gallam luxuriem mari Britanno
Reſtinguens, redit Innocens, & Anglus.
Virtutes numerans, tuamq; vitam
Certans per tua computare facta,
Haud credet juvenem fuiſſe mundus.
Nunc ecce ad Tumulum frequens Viator
Devoto pede confluit, nec unus
Dat ſuſpiria Lachrymaſque Princeps,
Cui multum ſterilem exprobrat ſenectam,
Et ſerum meritum ſagax juventa:
Nunc florum vice laudibus Sepulchrum
Spargens & titulis, utrinque civem
Certat ſcribere, vendicatque funus
Paſſim terra tuum: Quirinus effert
Inter Papirios, & Africanos:
Hinc Princeps juvenum, ſenumque Princeps,

Et

Et non Fœmineus Quirinus audis.
Hinc & Gallus eris, sed ille castus,
Et non Mente magis nitens Lacerna:
Sic tu, dum numerus videris, exis
Multorum Invidia, Unius Triumphus.
Hoc jactat nimium Britanna tellus,
Orbi vixerat, at Mihi recessit.

THOMAS BENSON *ex Æd. Ch.*

In Obitum Illustrissimi Vice-Comitis BAYNING.

Mox ergò exilium, Redux, sub ipso
Amplexu Patria datur? scelusque
Tantum admisit Amor, quod ausa nusquàm
Gens est extera? Quaquè Te recepit
Non Adventitium, sed Inquilinum:
Gallia, perque vices Paterna Terra
Facta est Roma Tibi: Omnibus probatum
Virtus Te dedit, Omnium que civem:
Certè hoc Numinis est colitam ubique,
Dum cunabula nactus es Sepulchrum
Metus Æthereos secutus, in Te
Sacro circuitu redustus, exis
Exemplar Superum, sedes perennis
Vitæ Emblema Necisquè. Sic in ortus
Festinare suos, retroquè labi,
Quicquid Fata jubent perire, fas est.

Sic & quod maneat perenne, eodem
Iuxtà desinit incipitque cursu,
Vitâ hac nulla prior, beatiorque
Quam quæ est Spharica, sequè claudit ipsam.

ROBERTUS SHARPE ex Æd. Ch.

In Obitum Clarissimi Vicecomitis BANNING.

OBitum nunc lugeamus an Discessum nescimus,
Has etenim exequias olim & Discessus habuit,
Cum Amentium ritu opes projecimus in Mare
Gemmamque Thetidis Gazâ magis pretiosâ (hendâ.
Suspiriis mox nostris, & Lachrymarûm fluctibus reve
Ostendi voluerunt Terris Fata, donari nimiûm esse studi-
Magis Orbis Spectatorem quàm Spectaculûm, (carunt,
Solis instar intransitu solo fruendum,
Hunc Reliquæ etiam Gentes damna inter sua
Per vices numerarunt.
Atque utinam nunc vel pascisceremur istis
Iniquis Legibus potiri,
Posset ut iterum discedere
Vt secundâ frueremur vel iacturâ! (stituere:
Religionem & Mores non tâ perlustrare visus quàm in-
Non extra Patriâ Legem licentiam peccandi quæsivit,
Et magna scelerum Exempla:
Illâ Pietate Hospitia quasi Templa pererrans,
Vt qui devotis passibus Itinera metiuntur
Numini dedicata, non Amicæ,

Prope

Propè fuit ut ab eo exigerentur miracula;
Atque adeo hac miracula præstitit,
Vt Virtutis patiens, non Voluptatis
Palladem Iunoni conciliaret, Literis Divitias,
Innocentiam Potestati;
Et vel post mortem Lyceum Coleret.
Haud tamē illud Poetas fecisse pecuniæ reos, & Helicona
in Tagum vertisse
Effecit, ut Damnum Tui non lugeamus,
Quodque unum restat, non iactemus.
Sola hac tristis Gloria nos manet, habuisse
Olim Incolam, sempèr Patronum:
Brevi fulgore aliis Cometa illuxisti,
Nobis mansurum Sydus,
Orbis idem spectaculum & stupor.
Solum hìc Te fastus arguit, quod orbem
Videris & contempseris;
Perlustrato Terrarum Orbe alium modò quæris, quasi
illum moderaturus.
Velut Cretensis Iupiter in astra evadis
Nota Peregrinis Historia, sacra Tuis Fabula.

SAMUEL EVERARD. ex Ed. Gh.

In

In Obitum Clarissimi Vicecomitis BAYNING.

Invenis meritur qui vixit Nestor,
Vnius ætatis compendium
Non vidit, qui ultra
Tertia historiam fecit.
Corpore venustus, ut cui non defuit
Dignum suis moribus Sacrarium. (namento
Tam Nobilis, ac si nullo caruerat a Virtutibus or-
Tam bonus, ac si nullum habuerat a Parentibus.
Italiam *vidit*, *vidit* Galliam,
Vna non potuit capere Regio:
Italiam *deseruit*, *deseruit* Galliam,
Nulla potuit Regio mereri.
Hic cepit, quò non nec pervenire solemus;
dubiũ an cunis Infantiã debuerit, an Lyceo.
Artes nil tandem pulchri iactitant,
Nisi quod Ipse didicit.
Paucissimis vix potuit eliquari vitiis
Cadaver visus antequam moreretur,
Aliquando peccavit ne videretur Deus,
Laudandus etiam quod peccavit.
Vxorem duxit, ut & illum ornaret sexum;
Vxorem invenit, quæ ornaret & nostrum.
Amare talem satis non potuit,
Si non Amore obiisset.

Divitiæ

Divitias numeravit, ſed quas dederat;
Opum non habuit, ſed Munerum Erarium.
An dedit? en tandem ſibi nec Ipſum reliquit:
Quem, cum deeſſet qui caperet, cepit Sepulchrũ:
Gemmas recondi Nimium ſic Pretium facit.

He that attempts to mourne thy noble Herſe,
Muſt teach his griefe the Piety of Verſe,
And all his teares in chaſt expreſſions paint,
That every line may Canonize a Saint:
He ought to Preach in *Numbers*, as if Fate
Had deſtin'd Him for Biſhop Laureate.
Who then ſhall weepe thy loſſe, whoſe Acts we ſee
Farre purer then our veſtall phanſies be? (ſel,
W'admire thoſe deeds which from Thee ſlightly
Thy Recreation fills the Chronicle:
And Poets ſhould be ſet to curbe the times,
Could their Wits be ſo Pious as Thy Crimes.
Thou didſt ingroſſe all goodneſſe ſo, that Wee
Scarce thought one Heroe dead, while we ſaw Thee.
We miſs'd not *Cato*, *Tully* was not dumbe,
Thou could'ſt (like him) but ſpeake, and overcome.
What Stratagem has Fate? thy fading breath
Summons ſtige *Brutus* to a Second Death.
Soules treaſur'd up in Thee ruſh forth, and now
Some fall, that fell two thouſand yeares agoe.
Here prune your manners, you that only are
The walking Arras of the Court, who ſhare (face)
Your ſelves (like Hangins deckt with ſome ſtrange
T'attend the King only to trim the place.

Whose weake Gentility does fall, and rise
As Periwigs and Sattins take their price:
Whose carriage one may track, & find which Oath
Your Worships swore in silk, and which in cloath.
If you could learne this ripenesse, it would teach
To court a Mistresse in an unbought speech; (move
And your owne Language might have power to
A frozen coynesse to a free Court-Love:
And make her yce such charming pleasures heare,
That her Soule know no residence but eare.
But I doe blast thy Herse, and these weake Layes
Doe only usher some to sing Thy Praise;
As scattered beames their dawning lustre broach,
Only to tell the world the Sun's approach.
As if the Priest should butcher a cheape Lambe,
To fit the Altar for an Hecatombe.
He that will speake Thee fully, must have parts
Like to Thine Owne, and hunt Thee through all
His able yeares must bud up, till he find, (Arts:
What mysteries enrich't thy well-fraught mind;
Who didst so wade through Natural things, that we
May shake off Nature now, and study Thee.
Had'st thou bred low-pitch'd vertues, had thy Vein
Stoop'd to the shallowebbe of vulgar strain,
Each busie Muse had strove to find a roome,
Where crowds of Epitaphs might load Thy Tomb,
But now we feare to write, we dare not stay
To bring our twilight Glances to thy Day:
Such is Thy Vertues flight, thou soar'st so high,
Thy weakest Acts aske our Hyperboly;

And all th' elaborate Accents we can lend,
Can ſcarce deſerve Thee where thou doſt offend.
Hence forth we'le prize our Muſe at lower rate,
And what we can't expreſſe, we'le imitate,
We'le Print Thee in our manners ſo, that then
Who finds Thee not in Records, may in Men.
They only, here, find their expreſſions ſafe,
Who Act their Verſe, and Live an Epitaph.

MARTIN LLEWELLIN. *of Ch. Ch.*

Vpon the Death of the Right Honourable Lord Vicecount BAYNING.

FOrgive me, His deare Monument, that I
Vſurpe the Title of an Elegy;
And like a wandring Paſſenger doe crave
My unknowne teares may glaze his Epitaph!
Whoever heard his Travells, but did ceaſe
To think Rome falſe, or France with a diſeaſe?
So farre from an outlandiſh Taint, that Hee
Return'd a chaſter Mind from Italie.
Learne here you wilde Apoſtates that deface
Your Native Soules, and mold 'em to the Place;
So that each Country gives you a new Birth,
Antæus like reviving from the Earth:
BAYNING did ſcorne to change himſelfe, but then
When fartheſt off, He was an Engliſh-man:

Our

Our Lawes ſtill kept Him Company: for they
Were the Geography, and rule of 's way:
So that to forreigne parts He did appeare
Rather Embaſſadour, then ſojourner.
Why did He ſcape His Travells thus, O why
Did he fall downe with ſuch Tranquillity?
Horrour becomes a Young man's Death, to lie
Bedew'd with Blood is a brave oblequie.
Surfets, Conſumptions are but Female Knives,
Nor doe they ſnatch, but ſteale away our Lives.
Fates did not know thy Spirit, when they ſent
So weake a dart to blaſt thy Monument:
Thy Genius was too mighty to endure
That extreame cowardize, to die ſecure.
But ſince it did our great Commander pleaſe,
Thus to inflict the Death of a diſeaſe;
In earneſt of our Loves, O let it be
Our wiſh to fall Secure, becauſe like Thee.
For Thy ſake then may Feavers be our Meate,
And 't prove a Surfet henceforth but to Eate:
None can deſire to live, unleſſe he be
Seduc'd perhaps t'enjoy Thy Legacie.
'Tis Thy owne freeneſſe bribes us now to live,
Since 'twere ingratitude not to ſurvive.
Our Buildings by Thy Piety ſhall ſtand
No Ruines now, but Trophyes of Thy Hand:
The Roomes ſhall be Thy Piles, we will preferre
Their beauteous Order to thy Character:
When Printed on the doores with loaded eyes
The Paſſenger may read Here Bayning Lies.

H. Ramsay *of Ch. Ch.*

On the Death of the Lord Viſcount
BAYNING.

SInce Sadnes crowns Your hearſe, & Mourners
Beſtow with ſighs, & tears, a Method too (doe
Of grieving for your death, that we may ſee
A good Contrivance though in Miſery:
Since among all that mourn, none Order lack,
The Wits in Rime, Your other Friends in Black.
Pardon my grief, that dares aſſume that Dreſſe,
For ſcatter'd in wild Fancies 'twould ſeem leſſe:
Yet doe I not preſume my verſe may give
Ought, that may cauſe Your memory to live:
Heave that great imployment to the Pen
Of Abler fancies, more Diſcerning Men;
That can Diſtinguiſh vertues, and beſt know
Which frō Complexion, which frō Breeding flow,
Which are Innate, and which Infus'd, that can
But with one glaunce decipher a whole man.
'Tis fancy 'enough in me, if I can weepe
Your Body, not as Dead, but fall'n a ſleepe.
Since no Continu'd greif, or lingring pain
No Trick o'th' State, nor ſad ſtroak hath it ſlain:
It goes freſh to the grave, before the ſinnes
Have ſeaſon'd it, that Age, and Buſineſſe brings:
Where let it ſleep ſecure, hence coming fit
T'embalme and keep the Odours, not they It.

The groans, and sighes, that parting now it weares,
The Marble shall supply with frequent Teares.

H. Benet *of Ch. Ch.*

On the death of the Honourable Lord Vis-count Baynin G.

HEnce frō This Tomb, you that have only chose
To Mourn for Ribbands, & the sadder Cloths,
That Buy your Grief frō th' Shop; & desperat lye
For a new Cloak till the next Lord shall Dye;
You that shed only wine, and think when all
The Banquet's past, there's no more Funerall:
You that sell Teares, and only Weepe for Gaine,
I dare not say you Mourn, but fill the Traine:
Nor must we Grieve His Titles losse, and tell
The vainer World, that 'twas a Great Man Fell:
'Tis not enough that we His Birth rehearse;
And only Write His Armes insteed of Verse,
Or Steale Notes from His Scutcheon; perhaps we
Might Mourn Him thus in perfect Heraldry:
But 'tis a Strain too low, nor will't suffice
For Epitaph, that Here His Lordship Lyes:
Thus I could be content to Weep His Fame,
Where nothing else was great, besides the Name,
Whence Learning felt an Exile; where That Word
Of Vertue sounded Lower then my Lord:
He whom we sadly Mourne (hear this all You

Wrapt

Wrapt up in Chaines) was Rich in Learning too.
A Colledge was His Home; He did not here
Sit ſtill a while, and only change His Ayre,
As ſome, who Iourney hither, and are grown
But to this Art of wearing a ſilk Gowne;
Who, 'mongſt Their other loſſe of Time, doe ſtill
Count the halfe-year thus ſpent againſt Their Will;
Who fain would croſſe the Seas, & think, that They
Have Travell'd thus far only out o'th' way:
Nor did he count a Lord in a Degree
A Learned Monſter of Nobility,
As if ſome Envious Fate ſtrove to Maintaine
That only Ignorance ſhould wear a Chaine.
Gold was not all His Treaſury; We may
Reckon His Wealth in more then ſhining Clay;
Summe up His Stock of Arts and Knowledge; you
That prize th'Eſtate count in His Study too;
This is the Style of Honour, which we boaſt
In Him, whoſe Fame doth ſtill Survive His Ghoſt.
Nor quarrell We with Fate, for we ſhould wrong
His Vertues now, to grieve that He Dy'd Young:
One of His worth is alwaies full of Yeares;
He Dy'd too ſoon by nothing but our Teares,
Ripe Early, and prepar'd for Heaven, He
Had all of Age, but the Infirmity:
He was Religious and Stay'd, as One
Whom Four-ſcore years thruſt to Devotion:
One of That flowing Charity, as if ſtill
In ev'ry Guift He did intend a Will:
How He Bequeath'd His Almes! to all ſo free,

Whatever He Bestowd, was Legacy.
Thus He had Many Heyres; and the blest Poore
Did only Multiply His Successour.
But I'le not summe His Vertues; H'embrac't more
Then all Philosophy did Talk before;
They only did Dispute His Life, and might,
Had They known Him, been better Skild to Write.

W. Towers *of Ch. Ch.*

Vpon the Death of the Lord Viscount
Baynino.

VVErt Thou an ancient Corse, of a gray head,
So spent, as to be thought run out, not dead;
Had'st Thou endur'd long gowtes, or longer rage
Of Aches, and at last dyed of long age;
At such a funerall our Teares were lost,
Where the grave makes not, but receives a Ghost.
Thou, when not ripe enough to live, didst fall,
Even when thy Lady might Thee Lady call;
And like an early spring didst show to th' eye,
Signes of a fruitfull Autumne, and then dye.
Yet though Thou dy'dst a Blossome, we were those
Who could foresee Thee blown, and judge Thee Rose.
Thy after life was wrapt up in this bud,
As in a sprout a faire flower's understood.
And as when men file rocks for Iewels, th'Ore
Showes

Shows ſparks, which would be ſtones two Ages more:
So we might ſay, had this young Diamond grown,
That which now twinkled, then had lightning thrown:
And as rich Exudations ſweat from th' Tree,
Are firſt ſoft gumms, not toucht, would Amber be:
Or as in th' Indyes men finde wealthy Mould,
Which the next generation diggs up gold.
So Thou lack'ſt but Concoction, ſeaven years more
Had made thoſe vertues true Mine, which died Ore.
Nay thou wert Bullion now, and we had ſeen,
Hadſt Thou liv'd longer, Maſſe had Medalls been.
Thy forwardneſſe lackt only ſtampe, and rate;
Thou wert true ſilver, but uncoyn'd by th' State.
Which did perceive thy title was as good
To honours, by thy Hopefulneſſe, as blood.
And had'ſt Thou ſtaid but to be call'd to th' Board,
The Worthy Man had taken place oth' Lord.
Then had we ſeen from Letters 'mongſt us ſowne
Thy Prince had Embaſſyes and Counſells mowne.
When that, which Thou Philoſophy took'ſt in,
Had come forth great Example, and Life bin.
Thy vertues were not leſſe, becauſe yet greene,
They might more ſeaſon'd, but not more have been:
Broader they might have bin, & ſhown more ſweld,
Yet had the Leafe not more then th' Ingot held.
As from a clue Workmen large hangings call,
Yet all the ſilke in th' Arras, was ith' Ball.
In ſhort lives, great parts haſten, and come quick,
And where they want roome to be vaſt, are thick.
Even thy raw promiſes were perfect, lackt

Time but to make them aged, not exact.
Vntraveld Thou wert Learned, yet the Book
In Thee freſh learning from thy Travells took.
Thou cam'ſt home ſober frō light Nations, *France*
Taught Thee to ſit in Councell, not to dance.
Italian Policy Thou brought'ſt away,
Yet wert not made more able to betray:
Their Plots had been made Service, and that skill
Had been taught to Preſerve, which us'd to Kill.
Thy Merit, not thy Bowle, had made Thee Great;
No Office had fal'n to Thee by thy Meat.
Thou didſt returne ſo innocent, we could call
Nothing *Italian* but thy Funerall:
That was ſo ſudden, no ſucceſſours pill
Did Pope with more haſt, then thy ſurfet kill.
Prophets tranſlated were ſo raviſh't, bate
The ſenſe oth' pang, thy death was change, not fate.
Had'ſt Thou bequeath'd us nought, thy name had ſtill
Bin Legacy, t'have bin oth' houſe was Will:
And we in thy deare loſſe think w'are bereft
Of more, then if Thou had'ſt us whole heyres left.
Now ſince, like *Wolſey*, th'art expir'd, and gone,
We only can pay Reverence to thy Stone;
Which equall to His will this glorywinne,
Thou help'ſt to Finiſh what He did Beginne.

IASPER MAYNE *of Ch. Ch.*

PENELOPE,

Multùm Deflendi Domini,

VICECOMITIS

BAYNING,

Relictæ Fidelissimæ

Hæc sacro-

VIvida qua Castos Tibi Flamma accendit Ocellos,
Accendit illa Conjugis Pectus Tui:
Et quos Ipsa geris radiantes orbe Genarum,
Hos Ille Flores Moribus gessit suis:
Quin Tibi Candor totos illuminat Artus,
Diem per Animum Lucidi sparsit Viri.
Sic Artus excudit Amor, sic pingit Ocellos,
Sic spectat intus, & simul scribit Genas:
Sic Te exhausit Coniux, Te Te imbibit Vnam,
Partemq; quivis Actus emisit Tui.
Archetypa Amissam plorabis macta Tabellam,
Excripta tanquam posset & Imago Mori?
Quantus erat Coniux, certè Tuus integer Ille;
Vt Quanta Imago, est Corporis tota est sui.
In Te dicatur tantùm hinc Redisse Maritus;
Vt Vmbra vocte Corpus, unde exiit, petit.
Si Vultus, si Verba ejus, si Basia quæras;
Te Cerne, Te Affare, & Tibi signes Labra.

In

In Te splendet adhuc, & adhuc in Te sonat Ille,
Amata, vel adhuc, Ipsa si Te ipsum Ames.
Cuncta tamen mastum, dices, habet ista Sepulchrum:
Annon Sepulchrum Pectus est istud Tuum?
Sic, quod Tu defles, in Te spectamus. Amoris
Solamen hoc est grande; dum Quaerit, Frui.

GVIL. CARTVVRIGHT
ex Æd. Ch.

Illustrissimo Domino Vicecomiti BAYNING

QVantusq; restat Posteris, Hic est Ille
Alterius Orbis Fama, sed Stupor Nostri:
Vindex Potentum, Purpuram Scholis donans:
Opumq; vindex, Seq; nec Opibus tradens:
Censum Domare gnarus, & Frui Partis
Impertiendo: Gentium videns Ritus,
Uitiis Sequester: Pervigil sui Custos:
Peregrè profectus, & tamen Domi semper,
Interq; Mores Exteros Suis vivens:
Revehens Amorem, quem extulit, Foris Conjux:
Non Circinalis iunctior Pedi Pes est:
Dominus, & Omnes allevans, Gravis Nulli:
Satur viarum Raptus, & satur Dotum,
Ætate justâ vegetus, at magis Mente:
Non plura Merito, at Gloriæ dari posset.

Cunctis

Cunctis Dolorem Mortuus facit, Vivus
Fecit nec Vni. Levior incubus, Tellus
Non Ipse Quenquam, Tuq; nec Premas Ipsum.

Sic Parentat
GUIL. STOTEVILE ex Æd. Ch.

To the Right Vertuous, and my much
Honoured the Lady
PENELOPE BAYNING.

Most Honour'd Madam,

TO All, that hath been said, I Eccho am,
Though with an hoarser Voice return the same:
But His was Clean, and Faire as his Intent,
And His Performances His Complement;
Who had more Vertue then deriv'd frõ th'wombe,
And more Perfections then are writ on's Tombe;
Honour, such as the King could not bestow,
Vnlesse his Great Example made him so;
Who brought frõ Rome, as did his Prince frõ Spain,
Religion, and His very selfe againe;
Here lies That Lord All This: who had been more,
Had time but lent concoction to his Ore.
Be witnesse ô my Griefe then (for I may
Now challenge something in Him being Clay)
What Thoughts, what Spirits, what Intẽts, what Seeds
What Acts, what Coũsels, what Designes, what Deeds

Are blasted in His fall: But least I may
Encrease your Night by telling what great Day
Would hence have risen, let me only beare
Sad witnesse, that All, which you have read here,
Is modest, and His own: and though we find
His Stile was Vast, 'twas Narrow'r then His Mind:
Look then into His Will, not Testament,
And judge not what He Did, but what He Meant.

RICH: CHAWORTH *of Ch. Ch.*

FINIS